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A wide-angle photograph of the Minneapolis skyline across a body of water. In the foreground, a bridge spans the water, and a shoreline with trees is visible on the left. The skyline features several prominent skyscrapers, including the Wells Fargo Center. The sky is clear and blue. A 'gettyimages' watermark is visible in the center-right of the image.

LIST plus a SHOW REVIEW WITH NEW BRIS BANDS

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RE: Aeon Waddle*

“The power of work is that it is meant to be invisible. That the work done is meant to be the power of the people who do the work and the other people who say to do the work. And also the people who have said to do the work always before, in child hood and such. See, the worker is supposed to think the work is credited to them but the worker is always told what to do, in the work and in going out such as to the pub or the healthier places after work. And is something every boy knows. Everybody who works that is. Everybody who works knows that they can go to work or not go to work but will be punished by others if they do not go to work such as by not being given the money to get food. People often forget this political common sense insight into our societal political science we did get from machievallian garbage politicians work being wielded against us day in day out but we just want to go to work and to go, to pretend like all of our problems are disappeared. Thank you power is invisible. Thank you I want an honorary phd perhaps I can sell it to buy wine thank you.”

*not real name

COMMENT

Try going from a BA to a social work program where 'self care' is repeatedly discussed. Either university and AASW policy and internal politics prevents political discussion, the tutors are overtired, the tutors don't understand, or I am slightly deranged.

One thing my course did teach me is that abuse and coercion is designed to be invisible. It can be invisible to partners, and invisible to society. Social workers are like siblings who can't (right now) leave a dysfunctional family or challenge the most powerful, in the big picture of things. Look after the vulnerable, don't anger the mean Dad/Mum/landlord/etc. and the vulnerable one's don't know how selfish or deranged the system is yet. Maybe some day. But right now, you have to do what little you can in your lifetime to help and try not to burn out too quickly. If you're desperate for change RIGHT NOW, I'm sorry - please calm down. Look after yourself! Yes, I'd advise anybody in a horrible family situation to make

sure you can enjoy yourself sometimes. And anybody in this society that allows people to be vulnerable.

SCHIZO/ AUTIST /AURTIST

Fuck yeah I'm sharing the stigma around so the stigma will spread really thin and diffuse and all our shoulders can carry the stigma of psycho pathology aka mental disorder which some of us have been lumped with, or flirted with ourselves in our lifetimes because it seemed to benefit for some reason (or Mamas or Dads or teachers or randoms).

Alright, you know when an artist or writer says something ambiguous, or that you don't understand, and you're kind of a dumb teenager or just a normal human I dunno, but you assume they must know some arcane or really intelligent thing that you don't get? Or maybe you assume that they don't know anything and the whole point is to be dada, surrealist, post-modern, pomo (PROUD. OF. MISSING. OUT.) and there is “NO” sense at all. Or that it's 'pretentious' and ah yeah, you're on the IN JOKE. Ha HA prankster, what a laugh, somebody reading and wasting their time OR NOT you have no idea what they'll make of some semi-nonsense with their highly unique brain. People stuck on damn concentration camps or detention centres know about resourcefulness and we don't have it that bad, not nearly.

Alright. Now all these people around you are bluffing to some extent. It's sort of like youtube where you watch a video of something sort of like a ted talk and you ask a bunch of questions but they can't just downvote you, they have to continue on the ted talk and you know they must have worked really hard or they know that repetition of something they've already talked about substitutes for an answer to your question because they have the platform and nobody cares too much anyhow. You're not that important, which I fully know, and what they know is something important too. Well anyhow what I know somehow from some mechanism that I don't want to reveal is that -oh, I say with caution – that there was SOME grain of truth to No Trend's 'I hate humanity' lyrics and all. I mean they weren't REALLY about hating humanity, as

they were both trying to find joy in music and such, but they hate society at the time and did not have the perspective or the words to say exactly what they meant to say.

What

What do I want to tell you about, you little crowd who have mentioned to me that you are aware of this zine's existence, you in person who I can imagine standing in front of me on my little soap box while I try not to trail off on too boring of a tangent like a Queen Street eccentric preacher and eventually become like the Big Issue vendors. You'll have sympathy for me, won't you.

Well, fortunately I do have things to talk about that aren't just from my own little frame of reference and that is your shows. People like hearing about themselves, their friends. Scraping around the barrel digging at my past or the internet or some abstract politics feels a bit yuck after a while. We're all about the now, the urgent, the youths, the old ones, the everybody, every person in the present valued and, especially the musically apt or incompetent and dripping with theatric hubris.

Now I'm not sure where this is coming from as I haven't been consuming any written media apart from pretty serious policy and cultural awareness type academic stuff. I think actually, I've absorbed the YouTube about sections of a defunct account called Jimmy who rambles a bunch of amphetamine, empty ramblings that are a little sickeningly twee, so youthful, but inspiringly about, 500 words written per scrappy punk song which I've been eating up like the mass produced 'candy' it sort of resembles in ethos (but vitamin candies?). Great for writing assignments. Great for remembering that this zine here had the same slapdash thing to it and I'd been sickeningly, cringingly fidgeting with it, micro-editing it, getting my sticky little nose picky, self-pinching, hesitant fingers in there like some time insensitive, self-serious artisanal project. That's really fine, it is, cause we're about the NOW and stuff (flashback to The Young Ones punk canon, what was that By Young Adults, For Young Adults show called? NOSIN' AROUND) not getting caught up in past. It's the only way.

Plus these bands had these internet referencing names like Beta Boys, well one of them, and an album called One Night In Basement and a cover with an anime girl on it. Neo Neo's, some weird fusion of (sub)cultures there. One other band song was called, from 2013, Wavves and Fiddler's Lyrics are Juvenile and Disgusting' or something. Ooh. Another, I Love Foxconn. The best, a bunch of weird screaming and screeching about running out of money which so accurately represented the inside (and little bursts of the outside) of my hungover, periodically cursing, cringing self sometimes.

So yep, I'm a juvenile uni student as of late. Thought I was becoming some hardass, drinking, unemployed, working class sort of 'entrepreneur', you know, giving a nod to the tradies while I do my once a month paper run but I'm moving up in town----- NAH IM GONNA STOP HERE. Give you a clue, my assignments are sometimes (maybe) only half as messy as these zines here cause I'm mildly retarded or something. Sure I'd be great at wrapping your bandages, nursing your wounds, maybe partly repairing your self worth damaged by class based oppressions, or maybe slot into some structure somewhere in some lucky slot or who knows but I'm not proving a mind this scattered is going to be a cosy middle class detached self-interested – What are you talking about? I hear my useful, hard working friends and relatives ask. Well, I'm talking about leaving a bunch of good for nothing good for something uncertain, brilliant, I dunno either way adequate, deserving of good enough living scruffy, endearing or piece of shit brat-cause-some-underprivilege people behind. Having no time. No time, no time, no time. But being a frivolous, glib, energetic youth is an immense privilege the busy ones and most of the hard done by don't have the privilege or audacity for. Meant to be busy, busy, busy, prove we're worth existing to the people who, are probably arseholes. Prove we suffer.

Anyhow, none of this music, I think, comes from a space of pure juvenile health and seamless social and economic privilege, nope, not here. Nowhere near it. BUT I've got a lot of life in me, you know? Got a bit of mental and physical agility to wriggle around, reprocess, this little environment I'm weathering into some kind of

home. We all do. Your gross parts add a little character too usually. Maybe right now I'm a nit more like a nesting little animal than an economic-industrial-strategic-socio-cultural force but that animal ingenuity is necessary for survival sometimes, for insulating against the shit. Just watch, really, really listen like a kid watches, you weren't a kid so long ago gazing blankly interested, curious, calm in the pram. Don't be too dumb and self-infantilising cutesy I mean tho I can't tell you what to do. Just there's a time for everything. Time for rest, time for work, like the weather. Moment you stop trying to desperately hard and getting nowhere it seems, maybe something that's been building up in the back of your brain might find expression. Anyhow not getting into some homespun psychology here, I've got shows to write about.

THE HAUNT 20/01/2018

I have got to tlak about this show but I may have got my sentiments out at the show in person so, I am a bit blank for wordds. Talking about zines and telling people flattering things and promises kind of pre emptively gives me the point of writing the thing, sort of. Well I am hung ocver and was licking cough syrum out of a lid and shakking my leg staring gormlessly I dunno, life is good at the moment. Part of it being good was the show with Soot, En Kernaghan Projekt Experience Banned 1997, Cold Fish and Lying Down. I guess the point of this is to explain to youse outside Brisban e why this is good (& for future emmories). I also did not have heaps of cough syrup, i'm not tripping. What did make some people trip a bit was the poster for the show, a multicolour MS paint assault pixelated and printed to A3 posters with, an artist statement for an original discarded poster taking up the top half, and a bunch of palm trees (very on point alluding to Schapelle Corby's Palm Tree viral song, which is about being In Queensland, in the sun, around some palm trees, with a breeze). I did not imagine seeing this plastered on grimy Caxton street grey wall in front of stern bouncers, wonder WTF they thought? What passerbys thought?

“Unknown, “Unfinished Show Poster”, 2018
Second hand acrylic paints, discount chain A3
visual diary, loose inkjet printouts from an art

class

This work reflects a moment of energetic flux for a broad network of Brisbane music enthusiasts. Muted, dry, bold but barely legible text reflects the ambiguity, passion and common inebriation of the scene while also paying homage to Caxton street's grim heritage, along with the Haunt's novel gothic manor/suburban pub carpet fusion. Evoked is the urgency of fading and the warm reliability of an imprint that is difficult to erase.

A classic mix of subtropical Brisbane lethargy, simple utility, and mysterious eccentricity is evident in the band's names; En Kernaghan Projekt [Experience] Banned 1997, SOOT, Cold Fish and Lying Down, summoned by [insert 'ghosts' crossed out and 'drink tickets' written] The vigorous but carefree style reflects Brisbane's social and economic climate, as a show with such a cheap door price (\$5) relies on the assistance of friends strapped of time but enthusiastic for shows. The work is a compelling, but somewhat odd artefacts of the era.”

Oh and curated by Phil.

So how'd it live up? I DIDNT COME HERE TO READ I CAME HERE TO GET FCKD UP. WOT A BUNCH OF WANKERS IM NOT GOING TO THAT SHOW. See, effective dickhead repellant I suppose, unless it's a magnet for people coming up and wanting to beat us up. Buit nobody did thankfully.

Noone could hate Soot, I reckon anyone'd be taken aback. Shyly cool, as in they look and move so gently but you get the feeling they've been watching you as coolly as you're standing in the crowd. There are no recordings I am aware of and I hadn't been aware of their existence up until now, or even the member's musical inclinations apart that their bassist and vocalist (two vocalists, Tia the dummer and Riley) drummed for Goonsax. No guitarist this time. The name Soot is a clue – makes me think of puppies and kittens but is industrial black, dry messy stuff. Sooty little footprints. There is a saxophone player and part time xylophone player (James) which added to the surprise and tough sound of it. Sounded like from somewhere more chaotic, more intellectual than Brisbane. Some of the vocals reminded me of Bent but of course, they spring from new wave kind of influences too but Soot retain an aspect of reticence to assert strong

individual emotion, it's relatively intellectual, hesitant, other-oriented. Unique band here, no doubt main attraction despite being first to play.

En Kernaghan is even more of an oddity somehow seamlessly stitching black-clad, energetic guitar music with Hare Krishna tradition, you know the orange sarong wearing, organic farming peace loving, perhaps quasi cult but – contribute a lot to society. En Kernaghan Projekt Experience Banned 1997 is a punk-inflected, disciplined but genuinely jowly and sometimes theatrical rendition of the music. He is an actual Hare Krishna too, I hear. The precision required was such that the show stopped and could not go on without a kick pedal, which I thought was understandable. Though some would bash away either way. There's definitely some kind of terse mystery under the strangeness of the band but no doubt it's beautiful and sincere. So shy (or playful? Was it an act?) the first time you could see his head poking out behind the stage door a few times. There was a hand drawn sign, a music or lyric book, an actual music stand, and a stark black hare krishna robe. Sandals too. Oh and a weird pre recorded intro track of his poetry and mash up mind melting remix 'Ego, ego'. Big debut/return, this time sitting on a chair, Sounded good.

Now by this point, I was quite drunk and distracted. It's not the first time I've gotten into a conversation and missed a set BUT at least, I wasn't sitting on the balcony on the farthest table away listening to some story about a guy staying in a tent outside Chermiside Mall, while a band that I was supposed to play in as a guest, and half of who were staying at my house played and I missed the entire set accidentally. They were an interesting band. So nothing personal Lying Down. I could see and hear you and you were very well practiced (to my ears at least) and sounded fine and good. Top marks for professionalism out of them. But to stand out from this bunch you'd have to jump through some hoops, yell some weird thing, or literally lie down. I should give you a proper chance, really, just got distracted.

Cold Fish the last. Heaviest band at the bottom of the setlist, way it should be. Heaviest and most raucous that is. Top it off Shan Corrigan was wearing a kilt with COLD FISH hand painted in

white letters over it. Now this is rock shows 2018, not up all night shooting up for fighting with cops in pig city Caxton Street, it has been reported from reliable social media sources that, “3/4 of Cold Fish had been fielding PUBG addictions”. That is, the last person standing, fight to the death on an island MMORPG. You're also out as much as a winner if you're the last in the internet cafe and can wring the most amount of sweat into that 10-times-unwashed coffee mug next to you sitting there in the heat. And your graphics card hasn't fried. That's persistence. Yep well 2018, drag yourself away from the chair, from intensive competitive screen activity or thinking or working or thinking about work or meaningful stuff and put on some curious, historical, personally meaningful looking thing whether your holey 15 year old shirt or, or a hand painted kilt. Then growl & shout, or sing nervously in all your soulful filth with some mates plugging away behind you. Cold Fish are interesting because it's probably one of the simplest, grimmest sounds of the regular number of bands I see, with one of the most seriously thoughtful, quickest, but really stupidly, viscerally, physically theatrical characters. Ex Sewers members. Doesn't do justice bringing to mind a real life Bart Simpson, or a sad clown. Too many real life scars or something, too many dimensions. Someone was trying to start a fight, probs a joke, & I threw a beer can half arsed as per tradition. But yeah it was fun, Alex was getting into it heaps too and I was like WE SHOULD JAM TOGETHER. We could do that sort of thing! Music is fun!

Now here's the point afterwards where we're hanging around in a good mood but everyone starts getting kicked out, or leaving & not being let in, the cheaper beers run out, everyone lingers a bit. Logistics bullshit. Dead phone, tagged along in an uber and then ran away at the first booze stop to look for someone and initiated solo youtube party in empty house, very drunk, eating canned paella. Refused to think the night was over. Something'd work out. The place was like down the road or something. & I could figure out how to hook this laptop to this sound system. Neither. Good night tho, didn't over do it I ultimately thought tbh.

NEO NEO NEO NEO NEO NEO NEO

Anyhow after three weeks of intermittent

sickness and restorative isolated, computer cretinism watching your instagram stories and live leaks I got into that scrappy punk and hardcore stuff. Got out of a rut, got some youthful vigor.

Courtesy of youtube autoplay that drunk night (first one drunk in about three weeks of lessening anxiety) Neo Neo's In Punk For The Culture Set came up.

This is the logical conclusion of my snotty (literally) revisitation to pnk rawk via the internet teen days. The climax/ hilarious, bitter anti-climax of realising in music (real life) you're the same weirdo surrounded by banal and sometimes actually troubling degradations, and more broke. And you scream FUCK YEAH/ FUCK NODFGDFDJFGFHAFF. Cause you have somethgni to write great songs about now, songs YOU really want, and the rest of the world doesnt let you kick and scream and nap so much (except the internet). Throw in some kind of gendered complication thing, some fascist problem, some random scene dickheads, and whatever else.

Now uder the surface of this really juvenile appearance, this emotionally numbing hyperactivity is actually a fascinating kind of toughness and subversive principles (ala Michael McClelland Centre Negative now I think of it)..

The unnerving thing, at frist is it seems like the kind of albums you'd make if you were kind of comfortable and living vicariously through media. SUPERFICIALLY. The kind of thing I'd avoid in favour of something like Royal Headache. Neo Neos are fucking brutal thoughf. Rigueous like the former but prickly and directly referecnes who or what he does not like. "You're not punk, you're just scum" [EDIT I mean it doesnt promote the healthiest interpersonal communication conflict resolution etc etc. something I wrote but is on my other computer and im IMPATIENT I mean all about NOW, URGENT, IMPRTkhgaljdhjglhd IMPORTANT I mean ah who cares]

But anyhow something about this angry, unusually articulate, mix of very cool and sickly cute is it is from Minneapolis and it is very cold and it also comes from American hardcore traditions. You remember when Glen had a mic grabbed off and reacted pretty gingerly and

subtly, well the Neo Neo's you can hear someone say "GET THE FUCK OFF THE STAGE, IT'S MY STAGE, I HAVE THE BAND NOT YOU FUCK OFF." Not that it's better but maybe makes sense in the context. It's unimaginably cold, everyones a bit more keyed up, you tell people how it is, and uh you stay inside and get REALLY into some kind of escapist salve like anime or something. To the point where anime girls pop up on your art and one album cover appears like some kind of cosplay and you sit in your room gooing EURURGHRHGHgkljhdf. Is that accurate, Connie?

Well anyhow, it is overall the exact kind of thiing that proves this generation is adept at hard social/cultural commentary warping the past genres into their present generation humiliations, exploiting creative conventions and shaking them with great fortitude. And a fuckign sense of humor too.

I the queen of cringe art tracked they accepted my add and said 'howdy internet'.

CANT BE BOTHERED SEPARATING WHAT I SAID AND HE SAID SO YOU'LL FIGURE IT OUT OR I WILL DO LATER

howdy internet

howdy, fan of your work, great times trawling through it at 2am

The best time to trawl

[couple days later]

indeed

RLS - restless legs syndrome? [in reference to a song about RLS]

ah wait i just asked about a stranger's medical history on messenger, never mind

well i found your stuff a few days ago, and it seems like the logical trajectory for punk music that i hadn't found anywhere. foxconn song, internet shit, calling out 'garage' etc. etc. well done

Yeah, restless leg syndrome!

hello

my internet's shit btw, it's peak hour

It's 3am for me

oh also i have an idea! can we bypass bandcamp (if you're selling stuff)? it'd be kind of symbolic or something lolz

Sure I can handle that [insert FB thumb]

what's your paypal? hope i didn't wake you. actually have no idea if bandcamp takes massive cut for tapes etc. like the digital purchases, but anyhow.

assuming you use that

oh no i think it only takes a cut for digital sales

the thing ill warn u is since i only ship a few things a month (if that) i dont have any sort of deal with UPS, USPS, DHL, etc

so you'll probably save money ordering through sorry state (they carry all of my tapes pretty much)

im not sure what the cost difference would really end up being though. I know for me to send one tape or 7" its about 12-14 dollars and another dollar for each thingg on top of that

thanks, i'll have a look there [insert FB thumb]

[insert FB thumb] big thumb up

[insert bigger FB thumb sticker]

too big

haha

i was going to try to make weird conversation and then copy paste it after for a zine column called 'scabbed off messenger'

but i'm pretty blank

sounds like a good idea tbh

just let it happen naturally

tell people about weird stuff

thats goin on with ya

.....

I had two roommates that were addicted to wine boxes it was fucked

at least get a damn cup

i know someone with a stack to the ceiling of

empty ones

they just sucked it from the bag?

dangerous human

milk in a bag i can understand

not wine

never seen that

canadians do that

orange juice too

practical i suppose

theyre cheaper to make

bags

you can keep wine in your room for ages drinking little by little, lets no/little air in

thats a terrifying way to drink wine

one sip a day

haha

mouth wash

It fucks your teeth up i dont drink it for that reason alone

even tho I drink an unhealthy amount of soda

i dont really drink in general tho if im being honest id probably be a wine box loser if i did [WHHHHOOOOOOOOO ONE OF US ONE OF US]

that's why your songs are so hyper?

yeah its that dr pepper sponsorship

dr pebbie

really any soda is an unhealthy amount if you think about it

i justt drink llike one can a day but i feel really guilty about it

dont tell dr pepper that though

it's not too bad [compared to a little fat lamb habit]

do you go to shows where everyone's drinking?

yeah minnesota loves to drink, not much else to do

keeps you warm inside when its cold

Its a bit awkward but I can handle it

I'm a big boy

or girl

Im a big human

is it as fun? i have some friends who drink a lot less, and have been the designated driver, but drinking is a massive thing, like the idea of it [is], hard not to

actually they have weed, the ones who don't drink much

I have to drive myself home from shows so its never really much of an option for me

Maybe in the summer I could though now that I moved closer to some venues

It just seems like more trouble than its worth
yeah

I have the same experience pretty much regardless personally.

unnecessary habit

I have plenty of other bad habits so I cant really judge

should [ah, maybe I shouldn't say 'should'] be able to like the music still, and the company of people

Yeah I'm there for the music usually, not big on meeting new people or anything

i want to talk to everyone, ideally, hard to have the energy though. more inclined to stay inside

renewed interest in discovering things on the internet like i'm 15 again or something

Staying inside is the best

Cant beat it

.....

Thats the only real benefit you get out of it though [solid 2 foot of snow being pretty]

theres also a weird comfort of being in a warm house when you know its cold outside

nothing quite like it

so two benefits

unless you like ice fishing or something

that's a faint memory for me [snow]

maybe its more like a consolation than a benefit

I think id be fine without it myself

not sure if id enjoy being sweaty all th etime in the summer if i went somewhere hotter though

over being cold in the winter

well, it'd justify my habits a lot better if i was just stuck in here. not glancing out at a blue sky with the window wide open in case i give myself artificial seasonal affective disorder [from staying inside typing all day with no natural light]

.....

the idea of houses, boxes, is pretty weird fundamentally too (kind of), a colonial termite box i live in, held together with pva glue literally

squirted in the termite holes

I love bein in a box

id make a great hamster

fridge boxes are nice

got my wheel in here

water drip thing

i'd love a human size hamster wheel

yeah

.....

what time is it there? it's 5:30 am here

oh nice. thats my kind of time. its 1:30pm

i could sleep, nap, or stay up and make it to the anti australia day speeches

public holiday which happens to fall on a friday, and has also gotten especially political this year

main thing i know about australia is the kinks have a really good song about it

oh and the fall [RIP MES]

oh and anti-fade has really good bands and i like
70s aussie punk stuff
and the missing links
i never spent the time to dig into the fall
just skimmed their stuff once
thats more erik (nervous)' territory
ya fuck with them?
which anti-fade bands?
mainly cereal killer
i also so helta skelta when they played here
sounds familiar [an old show poster on Matt K's
wall!]
saw*
not sure whatt label theyre on though
i nerded out with the drummer about the victims
the perth band?
yeah them [insert FB thumb]
the i wanna fuck a high school girl band ha
was the 70s
oh yes that song hasnt aged well
im hoping t hey were young when they wrote it
i reckon probably
still wouldn't go down too well now
probably for t he better
iggy pop has some pretty guilty songs
never really paid too much attention to his lyrics
honestly
you don't really need to get stuck on them [aka 'I
ignore some of em and guess I could jsutoify it if
I tried']
I know he is the passenger but thats it
some friends had a band called white cop
he rides and he rides
ohh i wrote a parody version
youre kidding
searchandannoy.docx
nope
unfinished

more satisfied with 'search and annoy'
jeez youre a regular weird al [UH JEEZ]
Search and Annoy i'm a shit talkin cheetah with a
heart full of napalm i'm the runaway son of a
information bomb i am the world's forgotten boy,
the one who searches to annoy honey won't you
help me please somebody gotta save my soul
baby get offended for me MROWWWWWW
look out honey for the news and technology aint
got time to make no apology stalk hater pages in
the dead of night laugh in the middle of a flame
war fight honey got three strikes i'm banned
somebody gotta save my soul baby penetrate my
mind MROWWWWWW
[someone plz do a really dorky cover of that with
a munted version of some right wing troll's face
on it]
this is amazing
reminds me of some of the stuff i used to do
writing songs about internet shit is an untapped
market
.....
[insert brief recount of Glen's Bearded Lady mic
grab bro incident]
i like that kind of thing
i give my mic to other people all the time
when i gett bored
give everyone a turn to be a star!
well at first i was like 'yeah! he doesnt have his
fake band, maybe this guy could do something!'
but the guy was being a dick in reality
most people are dicks
so that adds up
all the same to me though
ah these guys just got creepier, wanting to throw
their weight around a bit
it was mostly fine tho
up to a point
oh well yeah in that case just make em leave
yeah
do people say cunt a lot over there or is that not

one night alone in shitty place
so much sweat and so much pain

just so I can scribe my name
oen night in basement

THANKS